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CHINEE TOWN, CALCUTTA.

IN Christmas week there met me at the races an acquaintance fresh from England. It was the height of the globe-trotting season, and Calcutta was sweet with the savour of them. I am only a subaltern, one of a privileged class in the matter of globe-trotters, for no earnest seeker after knowledge can spare more than a cursory dinner with such insignificant persons—it is even delusive to talk to them. But this man failed, somehow, to take himself seriously. He came to dine in the Fort, and capital company he was. I found he had never seen opium dens. They were much discussed at the time, for the beautiful *Sunbeam* was lying in the Hooghly, and the Opium Commission was laboriously examining the notes in other men's eyes. A note to the police station brought a pleasant sergeant of police; and we descended to the Inferno of Chinese Town. 'And to the place I come where nothing shines.' In truth, the slums were fearsome, dirty, dark, evil-smelling—remote, apparently, from all things open, cleanly, respectable.

The opium dens close early, so thither we went first of all. Shade of De Quincey! there was no 'cottage room seven and a half feet long by seven and a half high; no library of five thousand books; no tea-table; no open volume of German metaphysics; no glass decanter made to look as much like a wine decanter as possible, full of a quart of ruby-coloured liquid, the *pharmakon nepenthes* for all human woes—oh! just subtle and mighty opium.' Here were far other temples for other devotees—a small door with a hatch in it—a narrow, dark passage, and a tiny stifling den—a wooden couch with wooden blocks for pillows—a sort of safe with bars—a smiling Chinese attendant—two bundles of inert blue garments, and a fresh customer paying two annas for his smoke. Two annas bought enough to half-fill a thimble; and a piece which looked about the size of a packet of envelopes was worth twenty-five

rupees. The price varies largely, and there is much gambling done in opium-broking in the 'Afim-ha-chowrasta.'

We watched the process of filling and smoking a pipe. The two annas' worth was put into a small metal cup and roasted. It became a brown treacly-looking substance—lifted, turned, and twisted on a skewer, round which it writhed and wriggled demoniacally like silver paper in a flame. The long wooden pipe was taken from its nail, the writhing brown mass placed in it. The intent Chinaman sat him down on the edge of the couch and pulled at it. His eyes brightened, then half-closed, and he lay back among the other recumbent bundles, his so strange Mongolian visage beatified. Did he reach the heaven of philosophy, the rapture of release from individuality, the selfless floating in contentment? Or was it only of his puny life glorified that he dreamt, of hundreds of rupees, of a good son, of a new wife, of a run at the gambling-table?

The man in charge presented us with little sticks of incense. They are about eight inches long, and will burn all night before the black joss. We left the quiet hot place, where no one seems to speak above a whisper.

A dark muddy lane, a right-handed turn into a courtyard, through a shop, into a sort of bamboo-built outhouse. This was a Chinese gambling den, where 'fan-tan' was being played. There was a large table divided into four parts by lines from corner to corner. These parts were numbered 0, 1, 2, and 3, and the stake could be placed on any of them. A heap of cowries or counters was poured upon the table, and rapidly counted into fours by a croupier with a small rake. According as the remainder was one, two, three, or nothing, the people who had staked on the division so numbered won double their stake; for the table laid two to one, which obviously it could very well afford. The gamblers were quick reckoners. Before the croupier had nearly finished counting, they seemed to know from the size and

appearance of the pile what the remainder would be. There they stood in a crowd, stolid, immovable as so many tallow idols. They were all dressed in blue cotton; their faces were all yellow and wrinkled, their eyes all narrow and brown, their pigtails all black and greasy. They were one and all apparently indifferent to gain or loss, though they were all poor men, and many of them, we were told, would stake a week's earnings. The profits of such tables, which, from the odds they lay, must necessarily be large, are formed into charitable funds among these peculiar people in their peculiar quarter. The poor are relieved; and as the men of Chinese Town are all too familiar with the police courts, the defence of any accused member of the community is furnished out of these funds. Several noted criminals were pointed out to us that night—one old man with a wooden, vacant, smiling face, had served his time in the Andamans. It is not a quarter of the city where it would be pleasant to wander after dark without a police escort.

We went to several gambling places. They are all alike—hot, foul, and crowded, full of the sickening smell of cocoa-nut oil. Even Western curiosity was glutted with the kaleidoscope of faces—hard, seamed faces—young yellow faces—each like a mask, a riddle to decipher, yet even so all alike, covering one emotion, one master-passion.

At last our cicerone put us down by the lock-up, appropriately wholly of stone, and of an iron colour, and we fled out of this ominous region in a *ticca gharry*.

The night was young, and I remembered an invitation to the wedding feast of a wealthy *babu's* son. The very thing; and we headed for Dum-Dum. Two miles in this direction brought us to our destination. Flags, flowery poles, triumphal arches, an avenue of lamps. It was a great *tamasha*. Torches waved, and servants bowed, and we were shown into the *atrium*, the middle court, which is so distinctive a feature in Eastern houses. We were met by our host, a genial *babu*, who spoke excellent English. In the centre of the court sat the bridegroom, throned. He was richly dressed, and covered with jewels, but he looked very tired, poor little boy. His part was to sit there all night, neither moving nor speaking, nor being spoken to. His father once spoke two words to him, but it was not etiquette for guests to greet him. He was only fourteen; and the bride, not of course *en evidence*, was much younger. This was the preliminary or betrothal ceremony, what we should call the marriage not taking place for three or four years. We were taken up-stairs, where a lavish table was laid for many people, and we duly drank the bridegroom's health. The food, the wine, and the service were English; while from the wall, bizarrely painted, looked down strangely Vishnu the Preserver.

After supper, we were all seated in the court. In one corner was a band, made up of ten or twelve sepoys in mufti from the band of the nearest native regiment. They played at intervals, the *British Grenadiers* and the *Regimental March* seeming about the sum-total of their accomplishments. In the upper storey, which was built on stucco columns, were the ladies of the house. They were screened of course, but evidently enjoying the scene, whispering and laughing.

The nautch began. Dancer succeeded dancer. We only stayed for four of them, each uglier than the last, and to our ears more cacophonous. Their silk dresses and massive silver ornaments rustled and chinked as they circled. Each girl was *en grande tenue*, and had brought her own four musicians—tom-toms and sarings. One dancing girl who just escaped being ugly, came forward singing in English—she was the *première danseuse et cantatrice* of Calcutta—'Oh! my darling! where is she?' with tedious repetition. Chink-chank! chink-chank! went her anklets as she swayed before us, her feet together, her arms raised gracefully, sinking to the ground in a sort of curtsyng finale. A nautch is extremely monotonous, and we were soon saying good-night to our host.

He took us across the road to show us the temple that he had built. It was of stucco, and was highly ornate in the usual Hindu style. How many lakhs it had cost, or how many poor men he fed daily, I have forgotten; but he was a good man and passing rich.

The Bengali theatre was near, and to finish the night we turned in there. Sitting in state in the Viceregal box, we surveyed the house. There was a tier of boxes to the right and left of us, curtained for *purdah nashin* ladies, and every box seemed full. The stalls and pit were crowded with white togged *babus*; young, mild-eyed *babus*; old, bearded, and paunch-bearing *babus*—there they lolled, all chewing betel, all looking happy, all wearing patent-leather shoes. One felt certain they would answer every conceivable question under the sun. The play was a classic tragedy of the highest order—scenes from the *Ramayana*, showing the ruin of Sita, and the slaying of her destroyer, the king of Lanka, at the hands of Rama. The language was either Hindi or Bengali, and was too hard for us; but it was pleasant to hear, and the elocution was undeniably good. The company acted with great spirit, and some actors were natural and eloquent, though even the best of them ranted somewhat. The orchestra played dreary, blatant, native music. When the piece was over, the manager took us behind the scenes. We were introduced to the green-room, where the main article of furniture was a large sink, in which the company washed their faces. The actors are shareholders. The leading actor's pay was sixty rupees a month, besides a share of profits. The leading lady's, thirty to fifty rupees.

While we were behind, they began the farce, the humour of which was beyond us. It was then about half an hour after midnight, and the farce would last another hour. It is a strange reversal of our arrangement to play a long classical piece first, and then with the

same troupe embark after midnight on a roaring farce. The audience would certainly get their money's worth.

Then away in the cool black night, between dark houses and up quiet streets. They were playing the last bars of the opera at the Parsi Theatre, a sort of dismal, clanging, thumping medley of tuneless instruments and strained voices. In the house were a curious crowd—Hindus from Bengal, Mohammedans from the Punjab, Parsis from Bombay, Afghan horse-dealers, Arabs from the Gulf, Malays, Chinamen, with here and there the green turban of a hadji.

An iced drink at the club, an appointment to visit the rain-gambling den next day, and we went over the Maidan homewards in the grateful coolness of an Indian night.

AN ELECTRIC SPARK.*

CHAPTER II.—ONE CLOUD CLEARED.

ROBERT DALTON gazed wildly at the man whom during the past year or so he had grown to trust more and more, looking at him as his *alter ego*, only, as it now seemed, to find that he had leaned upon a bruised reed.

'You knew this,' he cried fiercely, 'and did not speak?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And let me go so far as to make that tremendous engagement? Why, it will be the ruin of a reputation I have spent my life in building up!'

'The thought must have come to us simultaneously,' said Wynyan, smiling. 'I had not a doubt until last night; but I have always been seeking for that flaw. Last night I found it. It came like a flash.'

'Yes, the thunderbolt to destroy the work of a life. How could we be such idiots!'

Wynyan was silent; but he took out a large thin flat leather case from his pocket, and opened from it a fine sheet of transparent tracing-linen folded like a map. This he spread upon the table, and the old engineer shrank from it as if it filled him with disgust.

'Don't,' he cried. 'Keep the accursed thing out of sight.'

'Why?' replied Wynyan with a faint smile of satisfaction upon his lip.

'Why?' cried Dalton fiercely. 'I'll tell you. Because you are almost a boy. To you it means trying to grapple with difficulties during the long years of life you have stretching out in sunshine. To me it means hopelessness and despair. You are healthy and strong. I am old and broken in health. For Heaven's sake, burn the miserable delusion—the snare with its tempting bait.'

'That is not the spirit in which we have always worked,' said Wynyan quietly. 'You taught me differently from that, Mr Dalton.' He

took up a pencil and drew his chair closer to the table. 'It is as you say, sir, certain to fail as it stands. Our model worked beautifully, but as you have seen, the constant pressure must after some hours mean collapse.'

'Yes, yes, I know,' said Dalton bitterly; but he was impressed by his junior's manner. There was something suggestive of the holding out a straw to one who drowned, and his fingers twitched as if to grasp that straw in his great despair.

'Now,' said Wynyan, in a low voice as if to himself, and he kept on touching portions of the coloured sections carefully drawn to scale, 'I spent last night going through this from point to point, calculating it, working the stress and strain at easy pressure.'

'Yes,' sighed Dalton sadly, 'and it means utter destruction after some hours' use. Ship or building would go, and it would be more dangerous to its friends than to its enemies.'

'So would a steam-engine be if there were no safety-valve,' replied Wynyan quietly.

'Then you propose to put a safety-valve in there, I suppose?' replied Dalton mockingly.

'That which would occupy its place and purpose,' replied Wynyan. 'Suppose I introduce a small shaft here bearing an eccentric, and break or modify the current at stated intervals—half-minutes or minutes as we pleased, or experience taught us was necessary to relieve the strain.'

He pointed with his pencil as he spoke, and the old engineer sprang from his chair, clapped his trembling hands down upon the drawing, and gazed at the portion indicated by the pencil.

'Say that again,' he cried in a husky voice, and Wynyan quietly repeated his words, while the great drops gathered on the old man's broad forehead ran together, and there was a faint pat and a gathering stain upon the weak spot of the drawing—a spot which made the colour run as if marked out upon blotting-paper. Then with a cry, the hands resting upon the plans were shifted to Wynyan's shoulders, and he was pressed back in his chair.

'Not—not another word,' panted Dalton, 'unless you cry "Eureka." But there—I must be calm—for Rénée's sake. Paul—Paul Wynyan,' he gasped out, as he sank back in his chair, 'God bless you, boy! You have saved my life.'

'You think, then, that I am right?'

'You are right, boy. A simple thing threatened ruin; a simple thing has given me back my life. I couldn't have borne it, Wynyan. I must have gone.'

'Come, come; you are excited, sir, and you magnify the evil and relief.'

'No, boy: neither—I know.'

He spoke in a subdued voice now, with his hands laid upon his breast.

'I did not want more money; but when you suggested the production of this motor, I saw its enormous value, and for your sake, as well as my own, I went into it heart and soul. As we went on, it grew upon us till I felt that if

we perfected our work a nation which possessed it might laugh at her rivals.'

'Yes, sir,' said Wynyan quietly, 'it must give a country gigantic power.'

'And we have won, then, after all. Wynyan, my dear boy, I promised you that if you succeeded I would be fair.'

'Yes; but you need not have promised,' said the young man quietly. 'You always are.'

'My enemies do not say so,' said Dalton. 'Even Brant considers me unjust.'

'Don't let us discuss that or anything else now, sir,' said Wynyan, doubling up his drawing, and replacing it in his pocket. 'You have had anxiety enough. Only tell me this—you feel full confidence in the invention now?'

'Perfect.'

'And I have the same, Mr Dalton, in you.'

'I know that, my boy,' said the old man, leaning forward to lay his hand upon his lieutenant's knee. 'But I will say this—you must join me as my partner.'

'Mr Dalton, this is too much,' cried the young man, flushing.

'Let me be the judge of that. There; I must rest now; I have gone through too much during the past twenty-four hours. Tell Hamber not to let me be disturbed.'

'Would it not be better to have some advice, sir?' said Wynyan anxiously.

'Send for Kilpatrick again?' replied Dalton with a smile. 'My dear boy, you have prescribed that this afternoon which will give me years of life. By the way, we are at home on Wednesdays. Come in for an hour or two.'

Wynyan hesitated.

'Yes,' continued Dalton, 'come in now and then. You must meet people more. There will not be many, but Villar Endoza said he would come; I want you to know him more. He has something on the way again, and we may as well have the contract. They pay—or the British public does. The electric lighting has given great satisfaction, he says. For the present, then. You will come in sometimes?'

Come! When it was like opening to him the door of happiness and joy.

The old man turned to the table filter to replenish his glass of water, and Wynyan's hand closed upon a white rose which had half escaped from the bouquet on the table. He hesitated for a moment, and then resisted the temptation.

The next moment Dalton was back and took up the bunch to hold them to his face. 'Hah!' he said with a smile, 'the links that hold us back to childhood. Take one for your button-hole, Wynyan. They are very fine. But you don't do that sort of thing.'

'Oh yes,' he cried eagerly, 'sometimes;' and he took a creamy bud with feverish haste, placed it in his coat, and then went out from the principal's room with the feeling upon him that flowers linked us with something more than childhood. To him then it was as if he were a step nearer *Rénée*.

The next moment he felt a chill, for Brant Dalton came up as if to enter the private room.

'Mr Dalton asked me to say that he wished not to be disturbed.'

'What?' said Brant sharply; but he did not look at the man he addressed. Wynyan saw that his eyes were fixed upon the rose he was wearing at his breast.

THE SCOTTISH GOLD-FIELDS.

THERE are few countries in the world which have not at some time or other yielded gold, for it is one of the most widely distributed metals, though, unfortunately, it always occurs in small quantities, mingled with vast masses of valueless materials. So valuable is it, moreover, that once a deposit has been discovered, men do not rest until they have extracted all the precious metal that is within their reach; and therefore in countries which have been long civilised, the gold-fields have mostly become exhausted. The United Kingdom has in the past yielded very considerable quantities of gold, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales each giving a fair share; but of all the regions in which gold has been found in Great Britain, the Scottish gold-fields of Lanarkshire are the most interesting.

Not fifty miles from the city of Glasgow, it is yet a *terra incognita* both to natives and visitors, except the very few who have in some way become acquainted with it; indeed, probably the great majority of Scotsmen do not know that Scotland ever produced any gold. The district in which the gold was found is the only mineral region in Scotland, and so rich was it in gold and lead, that it came to be called 'God's Treasure-house in Scotland.' The gold was found in the valleys of the Lowthers, a group of rounded, featureless hills, covered with dark grass, enriched during the autumn by patches of purple heather; bare and treeless, and having altogether a very barren and uninviting appearance. Nor are they lofty; and they cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered to be mountains, the highest point, the Green Lowther, only attaining an altitude of about two thousand four hundred feet. The hills are the remains of a mass of high land elevated above the sea many ages ago, into which the long-continued action of running water has cut deep valleys. On the high lands rise tiny rivulets, which uniting, form burns, and these ultimately find their way into the two rivers which receive most of the drainage on the two sides of the water-parting, the Clyde and the Nith. Of the streams, but three have yielded any considerable quantity of gold, and these rise very close together near the base of the Green Lowther. The Wanlock Water flows by a very devious course to the Nith; the other two soon separate, and reach the Clyde, some miles apart—the Glengonar Water taking the more northerly course, and the Shortcleuch, which soon becomes the Elvan Water, going more to the south. The total length of each of these streams, from its source to the Clyde, is under ten miles. The valleys are not narrow gorges; but are of the usual river-valley type, a more or less wide plain through which the stream runs, winding in and out, bounded by steep sloping hills, which are cut into smaller transverse valleys

wherever smaller burns send down their waters.

The streams have cut their courses deep into the rock; the heavy rains aided by the resistless expansive force of freezing water, and the more important, though less obvious disintegration brought about by the chemical action of air and water, have worn away the sides of the valleys, and the remnants of the rocks have been carried into the streams. In ordinary times, these streams are small brooks, and seem almost powerless; but in times of 'spate' they increase enormously in size, and, becoming torrents, sweep the lighter materials down towards the sea; whilst the larger and heavier fragments, which the rushing water cannot carry, are deposited, forming the beds of gravel which line the bottom of the valleys, and through which in peaceful times the streams flow.

It is in these gravels that the gold has been found. Gold is not easily destructible; it is not acted on by water, or by air, and being very heavy, it is not easily carried down by the streams, whilst its brightness enables it to be found with comparative ease, even when present in small quantities. At what period gold was first discovered in this region it is impossible to say—certainly it was before the beginning of authentic history, for gold ornaments have been found in abundance among the very earliest Scotch remains; and we know of no district from which the metal is likely to have come but this—unless, indeed, it was imported, which does not seem to be likely—and both Strabo and Tacitus mention gold as being one of the metals occurring in the island. Gold is known to have been worked in these valleys as far back as the thirteenth century, mention being made of workings in the reign of David I. (1125). Later, in the reign of James IV., gold was obtained in considerable quantities, the works being then known as those of Crawford or Crawford-muir.

In 1537, James V. married Magdalene, a daughter of the king of France, and brought her to Scotland, accompanied, of course, by many retainers from the French court. Soon after their arrival, the king, accompanied by the queen and her train, set out to hunt among the Lowthers, and took up his abode at Crawford Castle. No contrasts could be greater than those between the lovely fertile valleys of France with their trees and flowers, and these bare, bleak, treeless hills, hardly supporting any plants but grass and heather, uncultivated and uncultivable, affording a bare subsistence to hardy mountain sheep, and between the bright sunny weather of the south, and the damp, dull, depressing climate of the north. The French felt the difference keenly, and no doubt also expressed it openly, jeering at the barrenness of the land to which they had come. The king heard of this, and, according to the tradition, he wagered that his land, barren though it seemed, would produce fairer fruit than any in sunny France; and at a banquet to be held soon after, he would be ready to make good his wager. When the day of the banquet arrived, a large covered dish was brought in and set before the queen; the cover was removed, and revealed a heap of

fine new gold coins (the celebrated 'Bonnet' pieces), made with gold from the Elvan Valley. It was admitted that this was a goodly fruit, and the king thus won his bet. It seems curious that a descendant of one De Hope, who came over in the train of Queen Magdalene, should afterwards own Leadhills. These valuable mines were acquired by the Hopetoun family through the marriage of Sir James Hope of Hopetoun, a member of the Scottish bar, to Anne, only daughter and heir of Robert Foulis, of Leadhills.

Soon after the death of his young French queen, James married Mary of Guise. The new queen was a woman of great ability and enormous energy; she had no doubt heard of the bonnet-pieces, and she resolved to gather a further harvest of the same fruit. She brought over miners from France to carry on the work systematically, and probably a considerable quantity of gold was obtained, for in '1567 Cornelius de Vois sent eight pounds' weight of gold to Edinburgh, the produce of thirty days' work of the persons he had employed; and the Regent Morton not long after 'presented to the French king a gold basin filled with gold pieces, all being the produce of Scotland.'

A period of religious and political upheaving followed, in which men had little time to give to systematic mining, and still less to recording their success; so for a few years nothing is known of what was done.

About 1578, another attempt was made to find gold—this time, by an English adventurer, Bevis Bulmer. Thomas Foulis, an Edinburgh goldsmith, had commenced to work the lead-mines at the head of the Shortcleuch and Glengonarr Waters—which have been worked ever since, and are now known as the Leadhills mines—and in 1576 he engaged Bulmer to take charge of the works. Bulmer had of course heard of the gold finds, and being of a very speculative disposition, was more powerfully attracted by the chances of gold-finding than by the more prosaic if more profitable lead-mining. He obtained 'letters of recommendation from Queen Elizabeth; and on the strength of these, the Scotch Government granted him a patent to 'adventure and search for gold and silver mines' on Crawford-muir.

He commenced work on the Menock Water, where he found but little gold; then he tried the Wanlock Water, where he was more successful; then he turned his attention to the Shortcleuch, and worked down it and the Elvan Water, and then down the Glengonarr Water, on all of which he found gold, some pieces being of considerable size. The works were carried on in a thorough and systematic manner. He was miner enough to know that desultory hunting could be of little use, so he erected dams, and made artificial water-courses or sluices for the washing; and the great heaps of refuse, the 'gold scours,' which still remain in various parts of the valley, attest to the thoroughness with which the work was done. He built stores in several places, and erected a house for himself in Glengonarr, over the door of which he is said to have put the lines:

In Wanlock, Elvan, and Glengonarr,
I found my riches and my honour.

For three years the work went on successfully; about three hundred men being employed, and gold to the value of one hundred thousand pounds was obtained; but as the workings were carried down the streams, they became less and less productive, and at last ceasing to be profitable, were abandoned. Bulmer returning to England, 'presented Queen Elizabeth with a porringer made of Scotch gold, along with the statement in rhyme:

My mind and heart shall still invent
To seek out treasures yet unknown.'

Bulmer's work had been a success; he exhausted the gold so completely, that there was little left for those who came after him. Alluvial gold-washing can never last long, if systematically carried on; a very short time sufficing to clear out the gold which has taken ages to accumulate; but as the most complete washing fails to remove all the metal, occasional finds are possible, even after the gravels have been well worked. Since Bulmer's time, no systematic working has been attempted; but occasional finds, sometimes of considerable value, have not been uncommon. In 1863 a party of Leadhills miners made an organised search, and obtained about two thousand grains of gold, which was presented to Lady Hopetoun, who had it made into ornaments. Since that date, on several occasions small quantities of eighty grains or so have been found, and made into wedding rings on the occasion of the marriage of some of the officials of the mining company, and an ornament of Leadhills gold was given by the miners to the present Lady Hopetoun on her marriage. A ring of Leadhills gold was presented in 1893 to the Duchess of York. The lion shield of the old Scottish kings with the thistle was impressed upon the outside of the ring, and also this motto, 'Nemo me impune lacessit.' Inside the ring there was this inscription: 'This ring of Scotch gold, from the ancient mines of Leadhills, was given by Mr W. G. Borron and the miners of that district, to the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, July 1893.' Even now, small quantities of the precious metal are occasionally found by miners, some of whom spend their spare time in searching likely places—a very good substitute, one would think, for fishing, and one not to be despised as a recreation in a place where amusements are few.

The gold occurs in the gravels in the form of dust, scales, and small nuggets, and is very irregularly scattered. It might be thought that none would now occur near enough the surface to be obtained; but it must be remembered that the heavy rains, which are by no means infrequent in the district, disturb and rearrange the gravels, and sweep down fresh debris from the hillsides.

The gold from various parts of the field differs much in appearance; and like all native gold, it is never pure, but contains a considerable quantity of silver. The Leadhills gold has an average fineness of about 850, or contains eighty-five per cent. of gold, the remainder being almost entirely silver.

Whence came the gold; and how did it get into the gravels? It must surely have come from the rocks which have yielded the gravel;

and if the streams be traced up to their source, the place from which it came should be found. For centuries, search has been made for this 'reef,' but without success. Bulmer thought he had found it, and set up stamping machinery to extract the gold; but the yield was too small to be profitable. Quite recently, a miner found a piece of quartz containing unmistakable gold, and he thought he could find the reef from which it came; but after diligent search, he, too, failed to find it. The accumulation of the mass of auriferous gravel must have taken an enormous time, the water breaking up the rocks, and carrying them in powder or in solution to the sea, whilst the gold, from its durability and density, was left, Nature carrying on in her own way a process of concentration exactly similar to that by which man treats the gravels to recover the gold.

If the reef exists, it is curious that it has not been discovered; but as the great bulk of the gold has been found not very far from the heads of the streams, it is obvious that the source of the gold cannot be lower down. The whole region is traversed by a large number of mineral veins, which now yield lead, or contain nothing of worth; and it is possible that the gold may have been in the upper portions of some of these, and that the reef, as far as it was gold-bearing, may have been completely washed away.

Whether the days of Scotland as a gold-producing country—at anyrate as far as the district under consideration is concerned—are gone for ever, it is impossible to say. Bevis Bulmer did his work so well, that there is no likelihood of more gold being obtained from the gravels; but should the reef at any time be found, it is impossible to say what it may or may not yield. Quite apart from gold, 'the Treasure-house' is still rich in mineral wealth; and a large quantity of lead, containing some silver, is still obtained from the mines at the Leadhills and at Wanlockhead. The output from these mines is much smaller now than it was; but in 1892 it amounted to about 3000 tons, containing about 9000 ounces of silver.

In both places the lead ore is smelted, and at Wanlockhead the silver is extracted, whilst the lead from Leadhills is sent to Glasgow, and is there desilverised. The mines have been profitable in the past; but it is difficult to see how they can long continue so with lead at its present very low price.

In Dr John Brown's delightful article in *John Leech and other Papers* on the wild Enterkin Pass, near at hand, the story of a covenanting rescue is quoted from Defoe. There is much information also in Porteous's *God's Treasure-house in Scotland*. Allan Ramsay the poet was a son of a mine manager at Leadhills; and James Taylor, a pioneer in inland steam-navigation, was also a native. There is a good public library, founded in 1741. Dorothy Wordsworth has a record in her *Journal in Scotland* in 1803, of the visit paid to Leadhills and the neighbouring village of Wanlockhead by herself, her brother William, and Coleridge. Leadhills and Wanlockhead claim to be two of the highest villages in Scotland; and both, along with Crawford, Elvanfoot, and Abington, on

the upper reach of the Clyde, are patronised by visitors, in the season, for the bracing hill air.

There is another district from which gold has been obtained, and which deserves mention among the gold-fields of Scotland. It is situated on the south-east coast of Sutherland. Here streams flowing down from the hills have deposited beds of gravel, and in these gravels gold has been found. The first finds in this district date back to a somewhat remote period, and attempts have been made at intervals to work them. Whether the gravels contain enough of the precious metal to make a systematic washing profitable is uncertain, but attempts are being made to test this, and to keep the working open, and it is to be hoped that the yield may be large enough to add gold-washing to the permanent industries of the Highlands.

RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

A VICTIM OF THE KOLAO-HWUY.

CHAPTER II.

It took some time to prime the candidates in their new duties; but at last the weary task came to an end, and Sterling and the other neophytes were led to the 'Lodge of Universal Peace,' where the whole council was assembled.

'May my lords live myriads of years,' said the *Vanguard* as he entered the assembly.

'Who is there before me, on the ground?' demanded the President.

'It is *Tien-yu-hung*' (the Introducer).

The 'Introducer' took his place by the side of the candidates. A long examination immediately followed, which to poor Sterling's fevered brain appeared meaningless and wearisome in the extreme.

At the conclusion of this so-called examination, the following question was put to the new members: 'Do you still desire to become one of the brethren?'

Sterling raised his eyes with a momentary gleam of hope—the word 'No' had almost passed his lips; but he fortunately paused before he uttered it, for a wretched neophyte who stood near was bold enough to decline to become a member of the Kolao-hwuy.

'No; I do not wish to become a brother,' he said. The words had scarcely passed his lips before the unfortunate man was dragged outside the west gate of the camp and instantly beheaded.

After this ghastly experience, there were no more dissentient voices on the part of the neophytes. Sterling felt his heart beat hard and fast; but true to his resolve to act up to the traditions of his country, he held himself erect, and looked boldly into the face of the President.

'We will now go into the Red Flower Pavilion,' said that personage. He led the way; and the new members with the council immediately followed him. Here the neophytes were obliged to confirm by a bloody oath their desire to join the society. The whole of this ceremony was ghastly in the extreme. The place, the hour, the expressions on the faces of those men who already belonged to the

Kolao-hwuy, added to the horrors which already filled poor Sterling's mind. He thought of Evelyn waiting for him at home, and of the terrible chains which, through his own rash act, were now being riveted round his neck.

As a preliminary to this final ceremony, the faces of the new members were washed in cold water and long white robes were put upon them. After a tedious prayer to the gods, in which the brethren declared their intention of destroying the present dynasty, and remaining faithful to the Kolao-hwuy Society through all changes and chances of life, the oath, which consisted of thirty-six articles, was read to the neophytes on their bended knees. A bowl of wine was next introduced, over which each candidate pricked his middle finger with a silver needle and let some drops of blood mix with the wine. This was done as a token of membership. After which each individual drank in turn out of the bowl, and thus confirmed by blood his loyalty to the society.

This formality ended the initiation ceremony, immediately after which the President distributed to each member a diploma inscribed on linen.

When he received his, Sterling asked if he might now be allowed to return home. His request was gruffly refused. He had once again to accompany his brethren through the Lodge, and was called upon to listen to many and weary explanations of all the numerous insignia pertaining to the society. The lecture was finally followed by a feast; and it was not until the first streaks of dawn lit up the eastern sky that the new member of the Kolao-hwuy was allowed to make his way back to the settlement.

When he found himself once more in the open air, he could not help giving a sigh of relief. 'The ghastly thing is over,' he muttered under his breath; 'and I must now hope for the best. I must hide all knowledge of what has occurred from Evelyn, and must as soon as possible take steps to ensure our return to England. It is impossible for me to be a member of anything so iniquitous except in name, and I have a shrewd suspicion, from the look on Lin's face when he introduced me to the *Vanguard*, that these people mean me to be by no means an idle member. It is to be hoped, though, that they will give me a few days' grace; and now my first care is to reassure Evelyn, and satisfy her as to my strange absence from home to-night.'

The sun was shining brightly when Sterling entered his *hong*. He was startled to see that his wife had never been to bed. She hurried out of one of their reception rooms, threw her arms round his neck, and burst into tears. 'I have gone through a terrible night,' she said. 'I cannot tell you what fears and horrors have come to me. Where have you been, Wilfrid? What has happened? Oh, the joy of seeing you back again! Do tell me where you have been.'

'I was called away on unexpected business, dearest,' replied the young man; 'we won't say anything about it now—it doesn't concern you, and it is over, Evelyn'; and so he silenced her inquiries for the time being.

During the day that followed, Sterling found it extremely difficult to keep up his spirits. In the first place, he felt tired; and in the next, the more he thought about the dilemma into which his own rash acts had brought him, the more difficult it appeared to be to find any way out of it. It was all very well for him to say that he might escape the machinations of the Kolao-hwuy by leaving the country; but what possible excuse could he give to the other partners of the firm for asking for leave of absence just after he had been for a holiday. He thought and thought; the more he thought, the less he liked the position of affairs. In the evening he returned to his home, where Evelyn was waiting for him. She was dressed in one of those simple dresses which she used to wear at home. She looked so young and fair, so guileless, so almost child-like, that the young man's whole heart went out to her with a great yearning. He felt a choking sensation in his throat as he looked at her.

'She is such a child,' he muttered to himself. 'How can I ever forgive myself for dragging her into a mess of this sort.'

Evelyn, however, was not quite so child-like as she looked. She was a woman, and a brave one—she had also considerable sense and penetration. In short, she could read the faces of those she loved as an open book. Sterling had assured her when he came back in the morning that there was nothing wrong; but Evelyn looked into his eyes and suspected otherwise. It was impossible for her to have the least suspicion as to the sort of trouble that hung over him, but to know that he was in trouble was quite enough for her. She thought of him all day long; and when he came down-stairs dressed for dinner, she determined to win his confidence before the evening passed.

During dinner, Sterling's spirits somewhat revived. It was some hours now since his initiation into the society. Not a word, not a token had been vouchsafed to him during the day, and he greatly hoped that Lin and his emissaries would leave him alone for at least a time.

'I shall surely be given breathing-space, and during that time something must be done,' he murmured.

He cheered up as this thought came to him, and after dinner suggested to Evelyn that she should sing to him.

Glad to see him cheerful once more, she ran out of the room to fetch her music. She was some little time absent, and when she came back, her face wore a startled expression.

'See what an extraordinary thing I found in your study,' she said. 'It was pinned to the tablecloth with an arrow. What in the world is it? I cannot understand this curious message.'

'Give it to me at once, Evelyn,' said her husband.

He snatched the piece of blue paper from her hand, tore it open, and read the contents. His face turned ghastly.

'What is the matter? You look as if you are going to faint,' said the wife.

'Nothing, nothing,' he replied. He walked across the room, took some brandy out of a sideboard, mixed it with water, and drank it

off. The strong stimulant brought back his failing courage.

'You must tell me what is wrong,' said Evelyn, following him. 'There,' she added, using a sudden new note of authority; 'I insist upon knowing. Sit down on that chair and tell me at once. Do you think I can't share your troubles? What is a wife for, except to share her husband's troubles?' Here she knelt by his side and put her arms round his neck.

The unfortunate young man clasped her tightly to his heart. 'Oh, my darling,' he exclaimed, 'I ought never to have married you. I have done wrong, and I am punished. I ought not to have married you, Evelyn.'

'Why so?' she answered. 'You love me, and I love you.'

'God knows I love you, dearest.'

'Then nothing else is any matter,' she replied in a cheerful tone. 'I didn't expect everything to be smooth when I became your wife, Wilfrid. Now tell me the trouble. Where were you last night? And what does that dreadful bit of paper and this horrid arrow mean?'

'They mean, Evelyn,' said Sterling, 'that I am in the hands of an enemy who never relents, and who never slackens his hold. Believe me, my dear wife, you had best not know any more.'

'I insist on knowing. Who is the enemy, Wilfrid?'

'I will whisper the name to you.'

'Yes, do. What is it?'

'The Kolao-hwuy. I am a member of the Kolao-hwuy.'

Evelyn's face looked blank. She had never heard of the Kolao-hwuy, and thought that her husband must be slightly off his head.

'I have no time to explain,' he said, springing to his feet. 'I am a member of a very terrible secret society called the Kolao-hwuy. I was initiated into that society last night. I didn't mean you to know, but I cannot keep the knowledge from your ears. If I disobey the mandates of the society, I am a dead man. The letter which you saw pinned with an arrow to the tablecloth in our study is a summons to be present at one of their important meetings. I must go, Evelyn. As long as I obey them, I am all right.'

Evelyn's face had grown as white as death. 'But what do they want you to do?' she exclaimed.

'God knows; I don't.'

'But suppose it is anything wrong, anything awful?'

'I must go to them to-night, Evelyn. They are scarcely likely to give an important mission to so new a member. My dear, you must not keep me any longer. This summons requires immediate attention. We will try and get back to England by-and-by. In England we shall be safe.' Sterling rose as he spoke. A moment later he had left the room and the house.

Evelyn stood quite still after he had left her. The suddenness of the calamity which had overtaken her husband, and turned all their happiness into misery, stunned her for a moment; then a great wave of courage and determination filled her heart.

'Something must be done, and I am the one

to do it,' she murmured. 'Yes; I won't lose a minute.' She walked across the room and rang a bell. When a servant appeared, she asked him to fetch a sedan-chair for her immediately. When it arrived, she stepped into it, and desired the bearers to take her to the Consulate.

The night was as beautiful as the previous one, and Maitland was enjoying the fresh air on the veranda when Mrs Sterling was announced. She had thrown a white shawl over her head and shoulders, and came up to his side impulsively.

One glance at her face was quite enough to show Maitland that she was in trouble. 'My dear girl, what can I do for you?' he said, taking one of her hands in both of his.

'I want to speak to you,' she said in a hoarse kind of voice. 'Can we be alone somewhere?'

'Yes; come into my study with me.'

The moment they entered this room, Evelyn came close to Maitland. 'We're in terrible trouble,' she said. 'I have not the faintest idea what it means, but I know it means something dreadful. My husband was made a member of the Kolao-hwuy last night.'

'What?' cried Maitland.

'My husband was last night made a member of a secret society here, which goes by the name of the Kolao-hwuy. It was for that purpose he suddenly left this house.—What is the matter, Mr Maitland?'

'Oh, nothing, my dear—nothing,' replied the Consul—'only, your news has startled me a good bit.'

'I am ignorant of where the danger lies,' replied Evelyn; 'but I judge from Wilfrid's manner that it is very real and very grave.'

'What possessed the man?'—began Maitland.

'We have no time to go into that now,' continued Evelyn, interrupting him with sudden passion. 'Wilfrid was made a member last night. An hour ago, I found a paper pinned with an arrow to the cloth in our study, summoning him to a meeting of the society. I took it to him. I do not know what the contents were, but they evidently caused him the deepest distress. He has now gone to attend the meeting; and I, Mr Maitland, I have come to you.' Evelyn looked full into the Consul's face as she said the last words. 'Will you help me?' she asked. 'Will you save my husband?'

'I will do everything that man can do for you, my poor child. Your news has upset me a good bit. I know all about the Kolao-hwuy. I can't hide from you, Evelyn, that your husband is in extreme danger. You must let me think for a few minutes. Sit there, my dear; when I have arranged my thoughts, I will speak to you.'

Maitland paced up and down his room in deep cogitation. Evelyn sat in her chair, leaning her face on her hands—she was trying hard to restrain her tears—a fearful weight lay at her heart. Maitland's manner, too, added to her alarm.

Suddenly he stopped and stood opposite to her. 'Where is Sterling at this moment?' he asked.

'I don't know,' she replied. 'I suppose he has gone to this terrible meeting.'

'That can't be,' said Maitland. 'The meetings are always held late at night.' He turned as he spoke, and Evelyn strode up and down the room—his brow was heavily overcast, as if he saw a fresh difficulty in his way. Evelyn's eyes followed him in mute agony.

After a time, he again broke the silence. 'Can you tell me, Evelyn, if there is any one who knows your husband's usual haunts?' Maitland laid a peculiar emphasis on the word 'haunts,' that made poor Evelyn shiver.

'I don't know,' she replied with a choking sensation in her voice. 'Until last night, I thought I knew everything about him; but it seems I was mistaken. Perhaps his "boy" can tell us.'

'Ah, that is a good thought,' answered Maitland. 'I will go and see the boy immediately. —Now, my dear, listen to me; you're safest where you are at the present moment. I wish you to stay here; and I want you further to trust me, and to rely on my promise to do all that mortal man can to save your husband from the grave danger in which he has placed himself.'

Evelyn stood up. 'How can I thank you?' she said. 'I felt from the first that you were the only one who could and who would help me. But I would rather go home now, please. Wilfrid might return at any moment, and think it strange if I were out.'

'Do as you like,' replied Maitland; 'only, we have no time to lose.' He drew her hand through his arm as he spoke, and conducted her down-stairs to her sedan.

The coolies who were crouching beside it rose to their feet at a word from the Consul, and without more ado, carried the chair towards the hong at a pace which taxed Maitland's walking powers to the utmost. On reaching the hong, Maitland immediately summoned Sterling's boy into his presence.

'Where your master have got?' inquired the Consul.

'I no savey,' answered the imperturbable Chinaman.

'You no talkee me lie, pidjin. You savey very well. Tell me where he have got. You no tellee me, I send you to the Mandalin.'

This threat had a perceptible effect on the boy. He lost his stolid indifference, and began to gesticulate as he said: 'How can savey—master go plenty places.'

'Tell me where that place, opium shop belong?'

This last question was said at a venture. A sudden idea had darted through Maitland's brain that Sterling might be seeking refuge from his misery in opium. When putting the question, Maitland looked at the boy straight in his eyes, and he saw at once that the shot had told.

'Suppose master go smoke opium, I can savey that place,' he answered in a low tone.

'You can show me immediately,' said Maitland, as he rose to go into the drawing-room to speak one last word to Evelyn. She was standing near the door, listening intently—her hands were tightly clasped together, her head slightly thrown back.

'I think I know where your husband is now,' said Maitland in his most cheering tones. 'Keep up your courage, and I will bring him back to you in less than no time.'

Without allowing himself even a moment to glance at the poor young wife's stricken face, the Consul turned and went out into the courtyard, where Sterling's boy was waiting for him; and in silence the two walked out of the foreign settlement into the native city.

On entering the main street, the boy turned sharply to the right, down a narrow lane, and, after several more turns and twists, stopped suddenly and pointed at a house which stood just before them. On the side of the door was pasted a round piece of paper, which marked the character of the place.

'Wait here for me,' said Maitland in an authoritative tone.

Without a moment's hesitation, he pushed open the door and walked into the squalid yard of the building. As he entered, he saw an attendant carrying some prepared opium and a pipe into the principal saloon. Maitland followed him swiftly: he found himself in a long low room—the sickening fumes of the drug hung heavy in the air; and stretched on different divans lay eight or ten men in various stages of intoxication.

As long as he lived, Maitland never forgot this sickening sight. Some of the opium victims were inhaling the first few whiffs from their pipes, and were chatting eagerly to one another. Others, who had passed this stage, were sleepily breathing in the smoke, and were fast entering that land of dreams in which others, again, were already revelling. The pale and haggard features of these wretched men were in striking contrast to the painted cheeks of two girls who were supplying their wants. None of the men took the least notice of Maitland; but one of the girls came quickly up to him and offered him a place on a divan, and also a pipe.

Maitland pushed her aside in disgust; and looking more keenly into the faces of the smokers, discovered, with a strange thrill of pain and satisfaction, the haggard features of the Englishman whom he had come to rescue. Sterling was lying in a half-stupor, waiting for the refilling of his pipe. Maitland went quickly up to him, took him by the arm, and gently shook him. Sterling gazed at him with a confused stare, then exclaimed, in an accent of terror: 'Who are you?'

'Come along, Sterling. I am Maitland, your friend. I have got something to say to you.'

Once in the courtyard, a cup of tea which was immediately supplied had a wonderful effect on Sterling. He recovered his senses, and with them came a feeling of shame which bowed him to the ground. 'How did you know where I was?' he asked. 'And why have you come to see me in my disgrace?'

'Because I have something to say; it is this: I am determined to save you from yourself, and also to save your brave wife from misery and shame.'

At the word 'wife,' Sterling uttered a groan and covered his face with both hands. 'You don't know what you are saying,' he answered. 'I am in the hands of those whom to disobey is death.'

'I know what you mean,' said Maitland; 'but remember, I am on the side of right against wrong, and I swear that I will save you, were you in the hands of fifty Kolahwuyas.'

'You can't, Maitland—you can't,' said the wretched man. 'I am lost—I am lost!'

THE FOREST DWARFS OF THE CONGO.

THE existence of a tribe of Dwarfs, not as a mere *lusus naturee*, but as an independent branch of the human race, has been an oft-disputed point, which the explorations of Mr Stanley in the great forest of the Congo have gone far to solve. Dwarfs figure largely in all heathen mythologies, whence they have descended into the pages of modern fairy tales. As early as the fifth century B.C. the geographer Hecateus of Miletus speaks of a race of tiny beings no more than a span in height, dwelling in Libya, who cut down corn-stalks with an axe, and whom Hercules is said to have gathered up in his lion's skin as a present for King Eurystheus. Dwarfs also play an important part in the folklore of the nations of northern and western Europe, whose imagination peopled the hills, the woods, and the rivers of their respective countries with numberless elves, fairies, sprites, trolls, and water-nixies—beings endowed with supernatural powers, employed for the most part in the service of man. Modern writers have occasionally adapted the same tales to meet their own requirements—for example, the rivalry between Oberon and Titania forms the background of the plot of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; while Swift, under cover of Gulliver's visit to Lilliput, takes the opportunity of directing a scathing satire against the political intrigues of his own country.

But altogether apart from the imaginations of ancient and modern writers, it is interesting to notice the persistent and reiterated tradition which asserted the existence of an undersized nomadic race in the heart of the African Continent—a tradition whose first appearance dates from the time of Homer, nearly a thousand years before the Christian era. In a passage found in the third book of the *Iliad*, Homer refers to the wars carried on between the Pygmies and the Cranes:

As when the cry
Of cranes is in the air, that, flying south
From winter, and its mighty breadth of rain,
Wing their way over ocean, and at dawn
Bring fearful battle to the Pygmy race,
Bloodshed and death.

By the time of Herodotus their position had become permanently fixed in the centre of Africa. That historian relates the adventures of five young men of the Nasamones, a fierce Libyan tribe on the north coast of Africa, who started to explore the unknown parts of the interior; and describes how 'they at length saw some trees growing on a plain; and having approached, they began to pluck the fruit; and while they were gathering it, some diminutive men, less than men of middle stature, came up and seized them and carried them away.'

Later on, Aristotle, with evident reference to the passage in the *Iliad*, alludes to the same tradition. 'The cranes,' he says, 'fly to the lakes above Egypt from which flows the Nile. There dwell the Pygmies; and this is no fable, but the simple truth. There, just as we are told, men and horses of diminutive size dwell in caves.'

Strabo, the Roman geographer in the time of Tiberius, had heard of the Pygmies, but disbelieved in their existence. In the seventeenth book of his *Geography*, which deals chiefly with Egypt and Libya, there occurs the following statement: 'The Æthiopians for the most part live a miserable and nomadic life. They go naked; and their domestic animals are of small stature, as are also their dogs. The inhabitants themselves are small, but active and warlike. Perhaps it is their small stature which has given rise to the fables about the Pygmies; for there is no man worthy of credit who has spoken of them as an eye-witness.'

From these statements of early historians and geographers, it may be clearly gathered that the existence of a nomadic race of undersized men was an article of popular belief among the ancients. It remains, therefore, to inquire how far the investigations of modern African explorers tend to confirm the truth of this tradition. On the disruption of the Roman Empire, civilisation and literature perished for a time under the smouldering ruins of Athens and Rome. During the period that ensued, the course of exploration and scientific investigation was roughly interrupted, and was not resumed until the nations of modern Europe began to emerge from the chaos. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the tide of exploration was for the most part turned to America; nor was it until the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century that attention was once more fully directed towards Africa. During the first half of the nineteenth century, a fair knowledge was gained of those parts of Africa adjoining the sea-coast; but the interior of the Continent long remained unexplored, until the modern era of exploration began under Livingstone, Speke, Burton, Grant, and others, and culminated in the successful expeditions of Mr Stanley.

With the increased knowledge of the interior, it is interesting to notice the revival of the traditions concerning the Pygmy race of Central Africa. As early as 1848, Du Chaillu, a well-known African traveller, had heard reports of a tribe called Dokos, no bigger than boys ten years old—that is, about four feet in height—with dark olive-coloured complexions, whose main articles of diet consisted of serpents, ants, and mice. At a later date he himself came across a race of dwarfs called Obongos, whose appearance and customs are fully described in a book entitled *The Country of the Dwarfs*. He found them dwelling in a forest, scattered at intervals near the settlements of the full-grown aborigines. He describes them as skilful hunters and trappers of game, using no iron weapons, but only bows and arrows, the latter of which they tip with poison. They never remained long together in the same place; but when food began to grow scarce, moved off in search of

new quarters. On several occasions he entered their huts, which were oval in shape, resembling the half of a severed orange, and high enough to allow a full-grown man to stand upright without touching the roof. They are represented as having prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, flat noses, and low, narrow foreheads, while their average height is about four feet seven inches.

The next explorer who makes mention of the forest dwarfs is Dr Schweinfurth, a Professor of Heidelberg University, who in three years (1868-1871) penetrated the heart of Africa as far as the previously unknown region of Mombuttu. He gives an extremely interesting account of the dwarfs, whom he describes under the generic term of Akka. According to him, they inhabit the forest region lying to the south of the Mombuttu people, whom they assist against the neighbouring tribes. They are skilful hunters, very cunning and cruel, and have no domestic animals except poultry. Two specimens whom he captured measured respectively four feet one inch and four feet four inches; and he never came across any whose height exceeded four feet ten inches. The personal characteristics of the two captured dwarfs are thus described: 'Their skin was of a dull brown tint, the colour of partially roasted coffee; their heads were large, set on thin, weak necks; chests flat and contracted, with protuberant bellies; hands small and well formed; jaws projecting and very prognathous, their facial angles measuring sixty and sixty-six degrees respectively.'

Emin Pasha during his eight years' residence at the Equator occasionally encountered individuals of the same race. By him they are described as being divided into numerous small tribes, with no settled abodes, leading a nomadic life among the Mombuttu and Anadi. They have neither lances nor spears, but make exclusive use of the bow and arrow. Two distinctly marked types of physiognomy are found among them; some having a pale yellow skin, the colour of ivory, while others possess a dark skin tinged with red. Their general appearance is described in terms nearly identical with those of Dr Schweinfurth, with the addition that their bodies are covered with a thick stiff hair almost resembling felt. Individual specimens measured five feet five inches (a man of exceptional height), three feet six inches, and three feet one inch, the last being a girl of fourteen.

The man, however, to whom we are chiefly indebted for full and accurate information about the forest dwarfs is Mr H. M. Stanley, the result of whose investigations was made known to the world in *Darkest Africa*. In 1875 he first heard rumours of them from Arab traders at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika; and shortly afterwards, during his adventurous descent of the Congo, he actually encountered an isolated member of the Pygmy race.

But in his search for Emin Pasha he passed through the centre of the forest district inhabited by the dwarfs. Ascending the Upper Congo by steamer, he entered the mouth of the Aruwimi River, and formed an intrenched camp at Yambua. Thence pressing forward with the

advance-guard, he traversed the great forest of the Congo, a vast district, as large as the whole of France and Spain, six hundred and twenty miles in length, and upwards of five hundred miles in breadth. There, thickly scattered along the course of the Aruwimi and the Ituri Rivers, he passed through more than one hundred and fifty villages of the dwarfs. Like Emin Pasha, he saw two tribes with different characteristics—the Wambutti to the south, and the Batwa to the north of the district traversed. The Wambutti he describes as having a brickly complexion, long heads, narrow faces, and red ferret eyes, with a sour, anxious look. The Batwa, on the other hand, are of a rich ivory-yellow complexion, with round faces, and gazelle-like eyes, set far apart on broad open foreheads.

The following interesting description of their habits and manner of life occurs in the second volume of *Darkest Africa*: 'The Wambutti—variously called Batwa, Akka, Bazungu—are undersized nomads, dwarfs, or pygmies, living in the uncleared forest. They support themselves upon game, which they are very expert in catching. They plant their camps from two to three miles from the dwellings of the aborigines. A large clearing may have from eight to twelve separate communities, numbering from two thousand to two thousand five hundred souls. With bows and arrows smeared with poison, they kill elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes. When food becomes scarce, they move on to seek other settlements. They live on friendly terms with the larger aborigines, for whom they act as scouts.'

Their dwellings are described as low oval-shaped structures, with doors from two to three feet in height, placed at the ends. The houses are arranged in a rough circle, the centre of which is left clear for the chief and his family. About one hundred yards in advance of the camp, along every path leading away from the settlement, is placed a sentry-house with a doorway looking up the track. The approaches are further protected by poisoned skewers artfully concealed among the dead foliage.

Members of the expedition had frequent opportunities of studying their height and general appearance, as dwarfs were from time to time brought into the camp in order that they might act as guides. The first specimen actually encountered was at the Arab settlement of Ugarowa. 'At this settlement,' says Stanley, 'I saw the first specimen of the dwarfs. She measured thirty-three inches in height, and was a perfectly formed woman about seventeen years old. Her complexion was that of a quadroon, or of the colour of yellow ivory.' On another occasion they captured four women and a boy, the tallest of whom measured only four feet four inches. Again, during the stay at Ibwire, the wife of a chief was brought into the Fort. She was of a light-brown complexion, with broad round face, large eyes, and small lips, and about four feet four inches in height. Later on, a man was measured by Mr Bonny, the assistant-surgeon of the expedition, whose stature did not exceed four feet. The colour of his skin was coppery, and his fell almost furry. At Kavalli, Emin Pasha, after his meeting with

Stanley, took exhaustive measurements of four specimens—a man, a woman, a boy, and a girl, measuring respectively four feet five, four feet five and a quarter, four feet two inches, and four feet.

An amusing incident occurred during Stanley's second journey through the forest. A member of the expedition having dropped a heavy ammunition-box not far from the camp, returning to look for it, found a number of dwarfs of both sexes watching with excited interest the efforts of two of their strongest men, the Hercules and the Milo of the tribe, to carry off the prize. A few harmless shots sent them scampering off into the depths of the forest, and the ammunition-box was brought safely back to the camp. Another encounter was followed by more serious consequences, two stragglers from the expedition, like the young Nasonian explorers, being carried off by the dwarfs, and never seen or heard of again.

Now that the truth of this long-established tradition has been thus definitely ascertained, the causes which tended to produce and to perpetuate this stunted branch of the human race will no doubt be thoroughly investigated; and an interesting field of inquiry will be opened both to the theologian and to the man of science. With the rediscovery of this long-buried people, one of the last secrets of the great African Continent may be said to have been unveiled. Henceforth the future history of Africa will doubtless consist in the development of its great internal resources, and in the civilisation of its teeming tribes. Even now, the forerunners of civilisation in the shape of Christian missionaries are slowly winning their way into the heart of the country; it is therefore to be hoped that before long the civilising light of Christianity will shine upon the strange race dwelling in the gloomy forest recesses of the Dark Continent.

PRINCE RUPERT'S EMERALD RING.

ABOUT twenty years ago, I held the rank of Troop-sergeant-major in the 1st Lancers, the regiment being then quartered in Horneleigh. At that period, full arrangements had been made for celebrating the marriage of our Captain, Lord Dashcliffe, a very popular, genial, and handsome young fellow, who had succeeded to the title on the death of his father, about two years previously. The lady of the soldier-peer's choice was Miss Daisy Wylkyns, the daughter of Sir Pierce Wylkyns, of Bilboly Hall, Yorkshire.

On the day before that fixed for the wedding, the two subalterns of the troop, and the requisite number of non-commissioned officers and men, were, by permission of the commanding officer, despatched by train to the Hall, in order to form a guard of honour at the church door during the time of the marriage. Upon our arrival, a most sumptuous meal was provided for the rank and file in the servants' hall; and beds for the men, which were of the 'shake-down' order, were provided in the Riding-school attached to the stables, about half a mile from the Hall.

Between eight and nine in the evening, just as I was thinking of getting my men marched off to night-quarters, the senior lieutenant, Mr Gloster, sent for me and said: 'Sergeant-major, Lord Dashcliffe wishes a sentry to be placed in the Library where the wedding presents are laid out. Many of the articles are of great value, and he thinks it best to have them watched, in case of accident. So just pick out three of the men and form a guard.—Lord Dashcliffe will remember them for their trouble, which may afford them some consolation, and any three will do.' Accordingly, I picked out three men, took command myself, and one trooper, by name Martin Clements, I ordered to go on duty first.

I bade Clements put on his sword, and we entered the spacious and beautifully fitted-up Library. The sight that met my eyes was dazzling in the extreme. A large table in the centre was literally covered with pieces of plate, from a solid silver service presented by a Prince of the blood-royal, to the modest inkstand we had subscribed for in our own troop. On several side-tables were displayed numerous articles of jewellery, with tickets in front bearing the donors' names, representative of nearly all the best families in England. About a dozen gentlemen were in the room, surrounding a tall, florid-faced, handsome old man, with well-cut, aristocratic features, and the unmistakable bearing of a soldier. The butler, who was standing near, whispered to me: 'That is Major-general Wylkyns, Sir Pierce's brother.'

When the General saw me, he called out: 'I perceive you have got your man on; very good.' Then he said to the others: 'Excuse me a moment, while I show the Sergeant-major round.' In a most gracious and friendly manner, the old officer pointed out to me all the valuables in detail. Then he stopped at one of the side-tables, and picking up a large emerald ring of very antique pattern, said, in a garrulous fashion: 'That is one of my gifts to my niece. You see—isn't the stone magnificent? One of the finest I ever saw.—Well, it was presented to an ancestor of mine by Prince Rupert, some time after Naseby, for services rendered at the battle. I believe the Prince took it from his own finger, or something of the sort. Anyhow, this ring has been in my family for over two centuries. When my aunt died, a couple of years ago, she bequeathed it to me; and now, having no children of my own, I am giving it to my niece.—No, by Jove! it won't go on!' continued the General, as he tried the ring over the glove on the little finger of his right hand. 'I remember when it would, though. My fingers are a trifle gouty nowadays.—But see, Sergeant-major'—and General Wylkyns slipped the ring in rapid succession over all the digits of his left hand—'no chance of a swelling of the muscles here. I'll tell you why. This paw is made of wood and steel springs, and so forth. It takes the place of the hand I lost at Sobraon. I can fish, shoot, hunt, carve, box—do anything with it, in fact.'

While I stood opposite to Clements, I heard the voluble General still talking to a knot of guests on the subject of the ring, when a young

Baronet, Sir Harry Beynell, a well-known character in society and on the turf, observed: 'Look here, General; I wonder if that ring was ever consigned by your folks to the care of Messrs A—— or some bygone "uncle" in the same line of business as that distinguished firm? Perhaps, according to the condition pertaining to a breach of contract in the shape of non-payment of principal and interest, the real one may have been forfeited, and a sham one substituted, for the look of the thing.'

General Wylkyns, appearing a trifle angry, responded: 'By Jove! Beynell, I have heard stories of the same kind about diamonds! Outside the value of this emerald from its associations, I assure you it is intrinsically worth a thousand pounds!'

One of the guests now popped his head into the doorway, and cried: 'I say, you fellows, come to the billiard-room.'

There was immediately an exodus, the last to leave being the General. He had reached the corridor outside, when there was a noise as if he had fallen, and then I heard the old warrior giving vent to a volume of potent imprecations. I rushed outside and said to him: 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought I heard you tumble; I hope you aren't hurt, sir?'

He replied: 'Not at all, Sergeant-major, thank you. My foot slipped on the polished oak floor. I wonder if I've broken my artificial hand?' Having rapidly felt it all over, he growled: 'No; I think not, for a marvel. I'm off to bed.—Good-night, Sergeant-major.'

Turning, I saw Clements at the Library door. 'Sentry-go, Sergeant-major,' the man whispered; 'it's just struck twelve.'

'All right,' I replied. Then I walked to the end of the corridor that ran parallel with the Library, and ascending the stair, called the second man, whose name was Jones.

While I was relieving Clements, Sir Pierce Wylkyns came in with the butler. The Baronet remarked to me: 'Sergeant-major, I think it will be better to lock up all the small articles in a cabinet.—Williams here will clear them away.—Hulloa!' he exclaimed excitedly, 'where on earth is that emerald ring?'

Sure enough, Prince Rupert's emerald was missing!

'I beg pardon, Sir Pierce,' I remarked; 'General Wylkyns had it in his hand only a few minutes ago. Possibly he may have inadvertently placed it in his pocket. He informed me, Sir Pierce, that he was going to bed.'

Sir Pierce fumed for a minute, and then said to the butler: 'Just go and tap at my brother's door—he can't be asleep yet—and ask him to give you the ring.'

Williams disappeared; and Sir Pierce began carefully to place the smaller articles of jewellery on a silver waiter.

When the butler returned, he said to his master: 'I knocked at General Wylkyns's door, Sir Pierce, and told him your message. He called out: "I'm in bed, and shan't get up!" I daresay, Sir Pierce, it's all right.'

'I daresay it is, Williams,' remarked the Baronet carelessly.

When Sir Pierce had placed all the jewels

under lock and key, he bade me good-night, and retired.

Next day, before Lord Dashcliffe and his fair bride went off on their honeymoon, the peer sent me a sovereign, and five shillings for each man of the guard. He also gave orders that the troopers should be allowed out for a stroll round the town of Billoby, if they chose. This indulgence was almost universally taken advantage of.

I did not leave Sir Pierce's grounds, but instead, strolled about the garden and park. Late in the afternoon, when I was returning to the Hall, I met a footman, almost out of breath, who exclaimed: 'Your officer, Mr Gloster, wishes to see you at once!'

I quickened my steps; and approaching the Hall, perceived Mr Gloster pacing about in front of the portico. 'Sergeant-major,' he exclaimed, 'this is an awkward business. General Wylkyns, who, after the breakfast, was applied to on the subject by Sir Pierce, denies that he took the ring out of the Library last night, and avers that he laid it on the table again.—Who was on sentry at the time?'

'Clements, sir,' I answered.

'Was he alone in the room at any period during that portion of the evening?'

'Just a minute or two, sir,' I answered, 'when I was outside ascertaining if the General had hurt himself, as I heard him fall. Then Clements, for the first time, I am almost positive, traversed the whole length of the Library to the door opposite to the western corridor, in order to tell me that it was "sentry-go!"'

'Do you think the man could have the villainy and audacity to steal the ring?' excitedly queried Mr Gloster.

'Surely not, sir,' I replied. 'But of this I am certain—I saw the ring last in General Wylkyns's hand. That was while he was talking to Sir Harry Beynell, who was leaning over the table beside him. There was no other person near it, excepting, perhaps, the first relief, Jones, sir. As I was posting him, Sir Pierce came in, and I remember the man walked about the room while Sir Pierce was speaking to me. The third man, Tomlin, was asleep up-stairs; he didn't go on until two.'

At this instant Sir Pierce and General Wylkyns approached, accompanied by the local Inspector of Police and two of his Sergeants.

General Wylkyns, who looked terribly cut up, said to me sternly: 'Now, Sergeant-major, do you know anything about this ring?'

I replied: 'Only, sir, what I mentioned to Lieutenant Gloster just now. I saw it last in your hands.'

The Inspector interrupted: 'Excuse me, General, but I must first search all concerned—the Sergeant-major, the sentries, and all the men of the guard of honour. Assuming the first sentry to have stolen it, he may have passed the ring to a comrade to avert detection.

—Sergeants Price and Davis, go to the Riding-school and carefully overhaul all the soldiers' valises and pouch-belts.—You, Sergeant-major, remain here, and let your men fall in as they arrive. And, please, don't allow a single whisper of the supposed theft to transpire. A constable will be here immediately to assist me, when

each will be searched in turn.—And, General Wylkyns, I must search you first.'

'Me!' exclaimed the surprised General.

'Yes, sir; you may have placed the ring in one of the pockets of your dress suit.'

'I assure you, I examined it carefully a few minutes ago.'

'Still, there may be a hole in the lining, and it has slipped through.—Stop, sir! Have you a valet here?'

'No,' answered the General. 'Sir Pierce's man attended to the clothes I wore at the wedding. My dress suit, which I had on last night, I left on a chair in my dressing-room.'

'Who had access to your bedroom and dressing-room after you left it this morning?'

'I've no idea; possibly, a housemaid or a footman. But I give you my word of honour that I'm certain I laid down the ring before I left the Library last night.'

A rapid search was made of the men, including myself; but nothing came of it.

Clements stoutly and indignantly denied ever having seen the ring, except when General Wylkyns was holding it up for inspection.

I heard the General whisper to Mr Gloster: 'I wonder, now, if that satirical rogue Beynell has annexed the article as a practical joke? He's bad enough, but surely not so bad as that!'

The missing ring threw a complete damper on the conclusion of our otherwise enjoyable outing, and all were glad, consequently, when we entrained and rattled off to London.

A day or two after our return to Horneleigh, and while the story of the lost ring was still the staple subject of barrack gossip, a telegram reached our commanding officer from the Billoby Police Inspector, which read as follows: 'Soldier, description answering to Clements, sent off registered letter while here. Arrest him. Detective leaves to-night.'

Clements, while vigorously protesting his innocence of the charge against him, was confined in the guardroom.

When the Yorkshire detective who had charge of the case reached barracks, the prisoner was at once brought before the commanding officer. The man admitted having sent off a registered letter, containing half a sovereign, to his sweetheart in London, whose business was that of a dressmaker, but who was out of a situation, and required assistance. One five shillings he had received from Lord Dashcliffe; and the other he had saved out of his pay. The registration receipt, which had been found in his pocket, was produced by the Sergeant of the guard. It bore the name 'Emily Hawkins,' with the address, 'Care of Mrs Tucker, 612 Park Street, London.'

The detective remarked: 'My informant at the Billoby Post-office says that the envelope you had registered was bulky.'

'Yes,' spoke the prisoner without hesitation. 'I sent off with the half-sovereign two letters for Miss Hawkins to read, that I had received from my cousins in America. One contained an offer to buy my discharge. I crammed them into the envelope anyhow. Sir,' continued Clements boldly, addressing the commanding officer, 'that night, while on sentry in the

Library, I saw all that went on. The matter of the disappearance of the ring lies between two—General Wylkyns and Sir Harry Beynell.

The accused man was detained in custody until the detective made inquiries in London. He speedily ascertained that Clements's story, in respect of its main details, was perfectly true. The half-sovereign when it arrived had been at once paid by Miss Hawkins to her landlady. The girl's room was carefully searched, but nothing incriminating was found. Her former employers, when applied to, assured the officer that Miss Hawkins was a young person of unexceptionable respectability.

There being nothing to justify the further detention of Clements, he was at once released.

A dark rumour was now afloat—how it originated, no one could tell—that Sir Harry Beynell was the purloiner of Prince Rupert's emerald ring. An allusion made to the affair in a 'society' paper provoked an indignant denial from the Baronet and a threat to horse-whip the editor. The latter applied for a summons; and Sir Harry, in consequence, was bound over to keep the peace. This episode had the effect of making still more public the evil report.

One day Clements applied for a furlough. Many, including myself, were still of opinion that he knew something about the ring, and I took the liberty of stating my views to the Colonel. The theory I advanced was that the man, or rather his sweetheart, had the article secreted somewhere, and that Clements, when he proceeded on leave, meant to realise what he could on it and clear out of the country.

'Thank you, Sergeant-major,' answered the Colonel. 'Your hypothesis is at least reasonable. I'll write at once to Sir Pierce Wylkyns, who will doubtless instruct some of those private detective fellows to keep an eye on Clements. Therefore, in the hope that the mystery may be cleared up, I'll grant the man his furlough.'

Clements, after drawing whatever savings he had deposited in the regimental bank, obtained a month's leave, and left for London. Sir Pierce Wylkyns had given instructions to a well-known private detective agency in the metropolis; and from the time the suspected man left the barrack gate, he was vigilantly shadowed. Late one afternoon, a telegram reached the commanding officer, which contained the startling news: 'Clements and girl arrested. Sergeant-major wanted at Bow Street to-morrow morning, ten.' Therefore, acting upon orders, I caught the evening train to town, and reaching Victoria, put up at an adjacent coffee-house.

On my arrival next morning at Bow Street, I heard particulars of the arrest from a police Sergeant on duty. Clements, accompanied by his sweetheart, had been seen to enter the shop of a dealer in jewellery near Holborn who for some time had been suspected by the police of trafficking in stolen property. The detective looking through the window, perceived that the soldier handed something like a ring to the jeweller for inspection, and the latter took it aside, to submit it, presumably, to the usual tests. Then the detective called to a

passing policeman and informed him of his suspicions. The two entered the shop, and the man in blue demanded to see the article that Clements had offered for sale. The shopkeeper produced a cheap nine-carat article, set with garnets; and the soldier explained that he was exchanging it for a wedding ring, and was prepared to pay any difference in value. (From inquiries made, it appeared Clements was to have been married that very morning in St Pancras Church.) A police Inspector having been called, and the particulars of the case detailed to him, it was decided to take all three into custody on suspicion. The shop had been overhauled, and a large antique emerald ring discovered in a drawer, which was supposed to be the stolen valuable. The jeweller, despite his annoyance, appeared to be half amused, and averred that the emerald was spurious. General Wylkyns had been wired to respecting identification of the missing ring, and had replied, stating that he had left Billoby for London by the last train, and would be in court during the examination of the prisoners.

It was near mid-day when the case was called, and the suspected trio were placed in the dock. The court was crowded, and I could perceive Sir Harry Beynell sitting in the counsel's seat, in company with a barrister whom he had employed to watch the case. Briefly, the Inspector, the constable, and the private detective gave their evidence. I had just been called upon, when there was a bustle at the witnesses' door, and in pushed General Wylkyns and Lord Dashcliffe, the latter having returned from the Continent that very morning. Both appeared to be in a condition of great excitement. The General, addressing the learned magistrate without ceremony, cried: 'I'm very sorry, Your Worship, but will you please stop the hearing of this case? I'm gratified to be able to say that the ring has been found!'

There was what newspaper reporters call a 'sensation' in court; the usher bawled 'Silence!' and the magistrate leaned over his desk in an attitude of attention.

The General went on: 'Your Worship, I must tell you that I wear an artificial left hand. I am a trifle excitable at times, and am apt to smash it, so I keep one or two in stock, in case of accident. Well, last night, Your Worship, before starting for London, I packed up a damaged specimen, intending to have it repaired, when I found the missing article on one of the fingers! I must inadvertently have slipped it on. Here is the ring, Your Worship, presented by Prince Rupert, after Naseby, to one of my ancestors.'

'The soldier and the woman are discharged,' abruptly interrupted the magistrate. This was followed by applause.

Turning to the police Inspector, the bench said: 'Do you wish the other prisoner to be detained? Is there anything respecting him that requires investigation?'

'No, Your Worship,' answered the Inspector. 'Only, in his shop we found a large emerald ring!'

'Which, Your Worship, is spurious!' interrupted the jeweller. 'We'll soon settle that question. I see Mr Habakkuk of Hatton Garden

in court. Perhaps, to save trouble, he will give an opinion upon it.'

'I shall be pleased to be guided by a gentleman of Mr Habakkuk's well-known experience as a lapidary,' spoke the Court suavely.

Mr Habakkuk, who was waiting to give evidence in a charge of an attempted diamond robbery, looked at the ring for a moment, and observed: 'It is an imitation, and a very poor one, Your Worship. Gold may be worth fifteen shillings, or thereabouts.'

'Discharged also,' said the magistrate to the tradesman.

When Clements and his sweetheart—a pretty, modest-looking girl she was, by the way—and I managed to elbow our way out of the crowded court and into the passage, we saw the General and Lord Dashcliffe shaking hands with Sir Harry Beynell.

After General Wylkyns had profusely expressed his regrets to the soldier, Lord Dashcliffe added, on hearing that Clements intended leaving the service, and that he had only been exchanging an old ring for a wedding ring, as he was getting married, 'Here is my present to you on this auspicious occasion;' and the peer placed five sovereigns in Clements's hand. This the General supplemented by a similar sum.

When Clements and his betrothed, pleased and happy, had taken their departure, the General whispered to me: 'Sergeant-major, I didn't wish to say it in court, but the truth is I had taken too much wine that evening. I did break my hand when I fell in the passage; and when I got to my bedroom, I wrapped it in paper, placed it in a portmanteau, and got another out. What a stupid business it has been, to be sure!'

'Wylkyns,' interrupted Sir Harry Beynell in a sneering tone, 'I have been all but called a thief over this lost ring of yours; now I should like to know the value of the article.'

'What!' said the General sharply. 'It was valued at a thousand pounds by a banker, who was introduced to me as an authority on such matters at the Anglo-Indian Club.'

At this moment Mr Habakkuk was passing out of court, and Sir Harry Beynell, accosting him, said: 'Would you be good enough, sir, to give your verdict on this famous emerald ring?—Kindly let the gentleman see it, Wylkyns.'

'Certainly,' responded the General, and he passed the historical bauble to Mr Habakkuk.

The latter, putting a magnifying glass to his eye, intently examined the stone. Then he said with a smile: 'Gentlemen, the value is about two guineas, and that's mostly for the setting!'

'Nonsense!' angrily exclaimed the General, reddening. Sir Harry tittered, and Lord Dashcliffe appeared very interested.

Mr Habakkuk quietly went on: 'Sir, in my business we see queer things, and possess queer secrets. If you knew as much as I do, you might be suspicious of the genuine character of the crown jewels. I think, General, your mother was a Wielden, of Wielden Hall, Norfolk?—Well, your grandfather, Squire Wielden, as you know, was a great pal of the Prince Regent's, and went it fast and loose, and lost pots of money card-playing.'

'Yes, by Jove!' stammered the General. 'I am suffering for the Squire's eccentricities now.'

'Well, for five hundred pounds, the Squire sold the undiluted article to my partner Mr Joab's grand-uncle. Why, I can trace the history of the stone ever since. Now, it is in the possession of a New York millionaire, who had it palmed off on him by an Amsterdam firm as a gem presented to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII., and worn by that lady when she had her head struck off. Whoever the Squire employed to get up that rubbishy make-believe thing, I can't say. It certainly couldn't have cost him much more than a fiver!'

The General looked fairly crestfallen; and the highly gratified Sir Harry Beynell, after exclaiming, 'So this has been a delicious case of much ado about nothing!' burst into a mocking peal of laughter.

When Clements got his discharge, Lord Dashcliffe procured him a situation in one of the Government offices at Whitehall.

General Wylkyns took independent opinion respecting the emerald, but each authority applied to supported the statement of Mr Habakkuk. The story got into the papers, and, in consequence, the poor General was prodigiously chaffed about the business.

On one occasion, within the Anglo-Indian Club, the fiery veteran got so annoyed at the banter he was being subjected to, that he took from his pocket the degraded imposture of an heirloom, erst supposed to have belonged to Prince Rupert, and tossed it into a roaring fire!

THE COMING OF THE MAY.

The chestnut boughs are all aglow;
The gorse illumines the fells;
The hawthorns bend 'neath summer snow;
The violets pave the dells;
The lilies fling their banners free;
Their plumes the cowslips sway;
The foam-white daisies star the lea
At coming of the May.

The skylarks chant their triumph strains
High in the blue above;
The throistles join in loud refrains
In every vale and grove;
And blackbirds in a happy mood
Sing on from dawn to gray,
And wake the wind-flowers in the wood
At coming of the May.

A scented wealth of bloom is spread
On orchard branches old;
The long day comes in gold and red,
And ends in red and gold;
The brown bees and the butterflies
Flit o'er the heather gay;
Like jets of flame the marsh flowers rise
At coming of the May.

M. ROCK.

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